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LESSONS OF THE WAR WITH RUSSIA.

This lamentable and destructive war is full of more instructive experience, than was probably ever before crowded in'to an equal space of human history. It has been a hard school, indeed; and it is a deplorable circumstance, that it has been necessary, in order to teach the most intelligent and advanced nations of Europe wisdom. For they had already passed through a dozen similar schools, and come out marked with repeated chastisements for their folly! From this they are now, we trust, slowly emerging, bruised, blackened, and bleeding with wounds that will not be staunched and healed for a generation. No party to this bloody struggle will gain anything by it but a fresh experience of the utter folly and futility of war; and it is of vast importance to mankind, that this lesson be turned to the best account; and that it may suffice, for all coming time, to deter them from rushing again under the sanguinary tutelage of the sword. First and foremost is the impressive teaching, that it is an unmitigated outrage upon the fundamental principles of justice, right, and reason to make any demonstration of military force against a neighbor-nation, in order to coerce it to the concession of a claim, which even might be admissible and equitable, if resulting from a pacific negotiation, in which the two parties stood precisely upon the same footing, in reference to the full exercise of a free will. Any show or movement of military armaments designed to affect the volition of one party is a direct attack upon the first cardinal prerogative of its sovereignty as an independent State.

For Turkey this awful conflict was a lesson, and more than a lesson—a chastisement which will probably terminate her probation as an independent nationality. If it be too late for her to learn wisdom, surviving nations may read with advantage the lesson this war will engrave on her tombstone. The fanatical despotism with which she had oppressed three-fourths of her population; the insult and degradation which she had heaped upon them merely for the sake of their religion, constituted the only plea and occasion for interposing, in their behalf, the protection of a foreign Power, of their own religious faith. In her treatment of these Christian subjects—the very bone, muscle and mind of her empire—was the spring of all those difficulties and disasters beneath which she is sinking, like a scuttled ship, in the sea of ruin and oblivion. The very Powers that intervened with their fleets and forces in her behalf, admitted the necessity and justice of an external protectorate over her Christian subjects; and ostensibly it is the prime and cardinal object of this terrible war to share equally with Russia in the exercise of this extraordinary and anomalous prerogative. In very deed, while the British and French fleets lay in Besika Bay, the Allied Powers were virtually one with Russia in the matter of the foreign protectorate. They were ready to unite their forces with that Power in order to compel Turkey to concede this claim. Virtually the whole of Europe insisted that she should yield up this particular attribute of state sovereignty, and admit the interposition of foreign governments in behalf of her Christian population, whenever her despotic treatment of them passed the bounds they were willing to tolerate. The arrangement they proposed to Russia, and which that Power accepted, embraced this provision. There has not been an hour from the commencement of this terrible conflict when a reasonable doubt could be entertained that Turkey was to concede to the Powers fighting for or against her this protectorate. Not for one hour, during this period, could she have had any reason to expect that she would be able to retain her complete and absolute sovereignty over her Christian subjects, unimpaired by this concession. And yet, against the remon-

strance of England and France, against the verdict and award of their arbitration, she plunged headlong into the abyss of this awful war, dragging them with her, under pretence of defending her sovereignty as a State. She sowed the wind, and reaped the whirlwind of retribution, at an interval more brief than that which usually divides seed-time and harvest in the natural world. How stands, how looks her sovereignty, as an independent State, at this moment? Defaced, in every feature of it; despoiled, in every attribute; degraded, in every quality of dignity. What a present overshadow, what a future lowers upon her on every side, like a horizon of approaching destruction! "The nation that delighteth in war" will truthfully describe her history as an epitaph to him of future generations who may search for the scattered ashes of her nationality.

For England, this calamitous war has a lesson of profound and painful instruction; and well will it be for her future peace and prosperity, if she lays it to heart. Well will it be for her, and for all the millions that live under her sceptre, if she stop short now in the career of that policy, which, if pursued, must land her in a fathomless bog of difficulty and misfortune, from which she may never extricate herself. We mean, that habit of armed or arrogant intervention in the affairs of other nations, which brings no good to her, none to them, and none to the cause of justice and freedom. The first sheaf of results she reaps from the result of this policy, is the rank hatred and jealousy of the nations for whose interests she professedly interposes her power. Every candid, intelligent Englishman must see and feel, that those countries which have been most frequently at open war with his own, are more cordial and friendly to its people and government than are those in whose behalf it has poured out its blood and treasure like water. All this is natural and inevitable; and it is only one of the mischievous consequences of this policy of intervention. We trust this war and its teachings will suffice to induce Great Britain to pursue no longer the delusive fiction of a "*Balance of Power*" among the nations of Christendom. To say that no other nation shall add an island in the ocean, or an acre of continent to its territory, while she herself is continually annexing to hers regions of unexplored extent, is an assumption not very graceful to her, nor gratifying to those whom it is intended to affect.

Since the treaty of Vienna in 1855, which pretended to determine and establish this *balance of power*, she has had full and undisturbed range of two continents; and no neighbor-nation has lifted up its voice against her new and vast acquisitions in Asia and Africa. The history of these acquisitions, their motives and means, are known to the civilised world. But not an arm, not a remonstrance, not a suggestion was raised on the part of any other Power against those conquests. No jealousy of the growth of her empire, has raised against her progress any obstacle or form of hostility. She has been allowed the freest scope to grow to the utmost compass of her capacity or ambition. Her sceptre already extends its sway over more than 150,000,000 souls, of nearly every climate, color, race, religion, and language. The territory under her rule would be thinly settled, compared with England itself, if it numbered a population of 300,000,000. And still there is room on the earth for her to enlarge her boundaries and her dominion, if she wish; and doubtless she will do it, both in Africa and Asia, and no nation will arise to say, why do you so? And a loyal citizen of the world cannot regret to see her grow. There is scope and space enough for her expansion. Let her grow to her utmost capacity. We should be glad to see her greater, in every dimension of power and prosperity consistent with the well-being of mankind. And she may be ten times greater than she is, in each of these dimensions, without detriment to the best interests of humanity. But, while the world looks on quietly, and sees this continual augmentation of her empire, there is one part she cannot play with

propriety; she cannot act as *Weighmaster General* of Christendom, and go around the nations, with a pair of scales in one hand, and a butcher's cleaver in the other, and attempt to establish a "*balance of power*" by lopping off from this a piece of territory, and from that a few thousand human heads.

There is another lesson of this war, full of useful teaching to Great Britain, in regard to the futility of armed intervention. If, indeed, Turkey were "a sick man" at the beginning of the conflict, it has been bled by it to utter impotence, to the very gates of the grave, as an independent nation. If it was ever, or could be made, a barrier against Russian aggression, it has been reduced to a rope of sand. All writers concur in the opinion that it must hereafter be held up and directed by the Powers whose protection has well nigh stifled its existence. One or both of these Powers will doubtless deem it necessary to continue their protection, after the conclusion of the war, in order to reorganize its demoralized elements and functions, and to guard it against anarchy within, and aggression without. England will not consent to assign these indefinite and ambiguous duties to France alone, but will claim the right of joint-occupation of Turkish territory. Then it will be found that a harmonious fellowship in death and danger before Sebastopol, strengthened by all the glowing aspirations of military ambition, is a different co-partnership from a joint possession of Constantinople, when all the enthusiasm of the war has gone out, and the leaven of antagonistic policies, religions and races begins to work jealousy and dissension. It will be almost a miracle, if a new "Eastern Question" does not spring out of these circumstances far more dangerous to the cherished policy of England than the one she has attempted to solve by the sword.

The war has a most impressive lesson for the English people; and if they take home to their hearts the wisdom it should teach, they will derive some compensation for all they have suffered. We believe there is no people in the world more honest and generous in their instincts than are they; and none ever more deluded, in reference to the aims and issues of this tremendous struggle. With the most earnest and enthusiastic sympathy with all the "oppressed nationalities" and populations in Europe; with a glowing faith that the contest with Russia would work their emancipation, they pushed their reluctant and hesitating government into the war. Before a British soldier had set his foot on the shore of the Crimea, the liberty-loving and liberty-shouting masses of Great Britain found themselves in direct hostility by position, if not by sentiment, to the populations most oppressed by tyranny, and in close and stipulated fellowship with rulers who swayed the sceptre of despotism. The champions of civil freedom with which England was leagued to establish liberty and justice, were the Emperors of France, Turkey, and Austria. Almost the first step these allied Powers took in behalf of the oppressed nationalities, was planted upon the uprising aspiration and effort of the Greeks to recover their *fatherland*. When the Queen of Greece offered to give her regal jewels to sustain the effort, the act, which would once have excited enthusiastic admiration in the English people, was now regarded almost as treason. While all their expectations in behalf of Italian, Hungarian and Polish independence were extinguished, or put in abeyance by the character of the alliance, they found themselves in direct antagonism to three-fourths of the population of Turkey, to the masses of that country, who looked upon Russia as their deliverer from a bondage longer than that of Israel in Egypt, and more degrading. Of all the painful anomalies involved in the war, this has been the most affecting. The English masses have been at war in sentiment with the masses of the country for whose protection they have bled and suffered with boundless generosity. What has excited the hopes of one, has depressed those of the other. One rejoicing with rapturous exultation at the victory of the Alma,

the other hanging their heads in sorrow, as at a great discomfiture of their expectations! Even in the very heart of the British metropolis, "on 'Change" in London, these counter manifestations took place, and produced unhappy incidents. At the rumor of a Russian success in the Crimea, the Greek merchants sometimes failed to conceal their feelings of exultation, and were severely handled for their looks and words.

There is one powerful, invisible, anomalous party to this desolating war, which one would fain hope may be improved by its teachings. That party is composed of the conductors of the leading journals in Great Britain, who aroused that flood-tide of popular passion and prejudice before which the nation drifted into the maelstrom of this catastrophe. The little oligarchy they form is an ambiguous entity, nameless and inaccessible. "*Secret Diplomacy*" is doubtless an evil; but the British press has added this war to the disastrous evidence it had previously given, that *Secret Editorship* is an evil, a peril ten times worse. The Secret Diplomacy may at last be dragged from the wriggling sinuosities of its course before the tribunal of public opinion, and each individual party implicated be obliged to bear some portion of the responsibility due to his acts. But Secret Editorship is as intangible and invisible as the sightless wind. Autocracy, despotism of the most iron will, is a visible corporosity of flesh and blood, and human fears; and it may be approached and thrown down by an uprising and indignant people, if its heel becomes too heavy. It bears upon its single shoulders all the responsibility of the government of an Empire. But Secret Editorship, while it wields a power as vast for good or evil as any autocracy on earth, is the only moral agency operating upon the destiny of nations, that can shake from its shoulders all responsibility, and walk abroad in the largest license of mischief with complete impunity. It may set a continent on fire, and, like an invisible Nero, fiddle in view of the conflagration. It may see unseen the wound it makes; for its dagger, that saps the life-veins of a million victims, is as viewless to common eyes as the aerial phantom that counterparted Macbeth's murderous knife. If it please Divine Providence to educe some good from this vast calamity; to turn this swooping tempest of human passions and follies to His ultimate praise and to the benefit of mankind; we earnestly hope these results may embrace the downfall of *Secret Editorship*.

E. B.

OFFICIAL BROKERAGE:

OR, THE PURCHASE OF COMMISSIONS IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

The *North British Review*, in 1855, had a very amusing and suggestive account of the way in which offices are bought and sold in the British Army. It is a real trade, a sort of official brokerage, the chief value of which seems to lie in the social and official position it gives; for these commissions are found to cost as much on the average as life-annuities. The whole article of which we present only a sketch, lets us into the interior workings of the war-system in its social bearings in the Old World.

The reviewer deems the service of British Army officers nearly gratuitous, because the cost of a commission by purchasers is greater than the capital cost of an annuity equal in amount to the pay attached to the commission. This he proves by facts like the following:

"An ensign in the line pays \$2,340 for his commission, and receives about